

Those people in the District who raise chickens ought to be exceedingly careful this time of the year to prevent the birds getting roup, which, next to cholera, is the most destructive disease that can get among the fowls," said a chicken fancier. 'Roup is something like diphtheria or a severe cold, and affects the eyes, nose and mouth, causing canker sores in the mouth. The chickens have a bad appetite, and when the disease is severe get so they will not eat at all. The disease is caused from a number of things. The principal one is housing the fowls in damp quarters, where there are drafts of air. Another reason is that the quarters are uncleanly. Imme-diately that roup is discovered by a sore eye or other signs indicating a cold the diseased chickens should be removed from the others of the flock. There are a num ber of treatments, but the best, safest and least troublesome is to cut the sick chicken's head off and throw it away. If the bird is a valuable one, however, the treatment should consist of tonics with the food, a good deal of meat and anything that will build the fowl up. Then get a bottle of peroxide of hydrogen or dioxide of hydrogen. Mix any amount desired with an equal quantity of lime water and inject

into the nostrils of the fowl. An injection through the throat is also good. Where the eye is involved a few drops placed in the diseased eye two or three times a day will be valuable. The treatment should be given several times a day."

Dr. See of the United States naval observatory in this city has just concluded a measurement of the planet Mercury with the large telescope of that institution. Its diameter is found to be 2,658 miles. Dr. See calls attention to the fact that he has never observed any marked spots on the planet's disk, not even when the sky was absolutely pure and the image of the planet perfectly defined on the lens of the telescope. His observation also is that there is no diminution of brightness at the edges of the disk, such as would be produced by an absorbing atmosphere. Although these results agree in general with those obtained at the Lick observatory, they disagree with those of Schia-parelli and Mr. Percival Lowell.

Dr. See has made another interesting esti-mate regarding meteors. Every observer notes a considerable number of small meteors while he is engaged in telescopic ob-servations. The field of view of a telescope s a very small fraction of the surface of on the number of meteors enables an esti-mate to be made of the number of meteors in the whole sky. In this manner Dr. See ncludes there are about 1,200,000,000 felescopic meteors appearing in the sky daily. Between ten and fifteen million meteors, bright enough to be visible to the naked eye, encounter the earth daily, according to the estimate of Prof. Newton.

Visitors to the Capitol who admire the beautiful decorative work to be seen in the rotunda and in the corridors, especially on the Senate end of the building, will find additional interest in the work of the artist when they learn the source of his inspiration for many of the female figures that appear in the designs. The aged artist Brumidi, whose brush did most of the most beautiful of the decorative work of the Capitol, married in this city Miss Jennie German, a young lady well known for her beauty, which has been perpetuated in many of the paintings executed by her husband. Features a little too well rounded to be thoroughly classic, black hair, a fair complexion and blue eyes, together with a shapely form, were the characteristics of Mrs. Brumidi. She was the third wife of the celebrated Italian artist. She was greatly admired not only for her beauty of but for her qualities of mind, which made her a general favorite here. One of the figures in the ceiling of the rotunda is said to be an exact likeness of the artist's beautiful wife, while most of the figures he painted in the Capitol portray some of her characteristics.

Pedestrians hurrying along the B street side of the census bureau building Friday morning stopped to watch the antics of a big Maltese cat that was having all sorts of sport catching grasshoppers. The fact that real grasshoppers were to be found in Washington was as much of a novelty as the antics of the cat. The feline, with majestic pose, singled out a grasshopper and when the latter got near the side of the building, gave a lurch, sometimes jumping four and five feet in the air and catching the insect within its mouth. Then the cat would give the grasshopper its liberty temporarily only to grab it again and give it a cuff with the paw. After the grasshopper had lost its usefulness from this treatment I to move people.

Things Heard and Seen the cat ate it. The cat did this time and again, and the crowd, which soon numbered fully three-score, watched with deep in-

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Lawyers and others having business about the city hall derived considerable amusement the other day by reason of an incident that came to their attention in the main corridor during the midday recess of the courts. A certain member of the bar who tips the scales at about 300 pounds and is little more than five feet in height was leaning against a wall when an old friend of his approached, and, in a facetious manner, inquired;

"Say, Blank, when you go to order a new suit of clothes isn't it necessary to procure the services of the District surveyor to secure your measure?" Much to the surprise of the jocular in-

quirer the stout lawyer did not take the intended pleasantry in good part. On the contrary, he angrily informed the other that their former cordial relations would terminate then and there, and so they did.

International Engineering Traits. From the Engineering Magazine.

The average English mechanical engineer is a first-class mechanic and rarely a business man or a scientist. The American engineer is a scientifically trained business man. The continental engineer is a highly trained theoretical man. A few years ago steam-engine practice would have been classified under the same heads, but with recent years it has become much more alike in all countries.

For many years in England the highspeed, high-pressure, direct-coupled type was practically the only type of engine used in power stations. This was due to Willans building an engine capable of running at a sufficiently high speed to enable it to drive the then existing dynamos direct This type was also partly the result of marine practice, especially of torpedo-boat engines. In America at the present day, slow-speed Corliss engines are the favor-ites. Till the world's fair of 1893, engines were always belted to the dynamos, which of very moderate dimensions, and liable to frequent breakdowns; hence the practice of using countershaft by which means any engine could drive any dynamo. loser. Moreover, I never saw a perform-On the continent of Europe engines driving dynamos either by belts or ropes were preferred to direct coupling, because the for-mer method enabled small, cheap dynamos to be used. This is now no longer the case and slow-speed, direct-coupled sets are practically universal.

## England and America.

From the World's Work. The causes of England's relative decline lie mainly with herself. Before the American advance she must give way, because America is too big, too wealthy, too energetic to be successfully withstood. But there is no reason why England should not be as scientific as Germany, why she should not make a superb fight for the second place. She has allowed herself to be hampered by sheer negligence in the use of her opportunities. Trade unionism, too, has done much to thwart her by limiting production, curbing initiative, reducing the hours of labor and virtually removing from employers the control of their own works. But fundamentally it is in the character and mental attitude of the average Englishheavens, and a simple proportion based | man that the causes of inferiority must be sought—in his intense conservatism and easy-going view of business. What the Englishman is to the Italian in energy and speculative pluck, that the American is to the Englishman. The American will adopt a thing just because it is new; the Englishman will cling to one just because it is oid. A country where business is everything has business is merely business—an unpalatable interruption of the main purpose of life.

Politeness.

From the London Chronicle. Instead of seeking a new equivalent for "Monsieur" and "Madame," why not revive the good old English "Sir" and Madam?" A hundred years ago these titles were freely applied, not as now, merely to social superiors, but to equals, and even as a courteous mode of address to inferiors, just as "Monsieur" and "Madame" are used in French today. Thus a lady in old times would say "Sir" to the salesman who served her across the counter, and even, as we learn from Miss Edgeworth's novels, to the butlers and footmen of her friends, though, of course, not to her own. There can be no question that the atrocious man-ners which distinguish the rising generation of English servants and workpeo-ple spring partly from a natural objection to adopting a mode of address which stamps them at once as occupying an inferior position socially. This would be at once removed if the same titles of respect were used to them in turn, as is the case in all French-speaking countries.

Sankey's Hymns.

From the Ladies' Home Journal. As he sings, so Mr. Sankey composes the tunes for his hymns, inspired by the feeling of the moment. Often he will stop suddenly in the midst of reading or talking to jot down on the ever-ready music paper some bit of melody that comes to him. These jottings he gathers together and develops at his leisure, sometimes fitting them to poems preserved in his scrap book, sometimes getting Fanny Crosby or another hymn writer to write words especially for his music. He once said: "Good words will soon attract a good tune." He believes in melody always over harmony as a power



Amateur Bowier (to umpire)-"Here, I say! I can't see the wicket, How can I Umpire-"Fire away! If you 'it 'im in front, it's 'Leg before.' If you 'it 'im be-

"The freak election bet epidemic hit New York hard during the campaign that closed on Tuesday in the crushing of Tammany," sald a New York traveling man. "Some of the idiotic things that the upholders of the Tammany end of it will have to be doing for the next few months to square their bets will unquestionably make nuisances of the performers and get not a few of them into trouble with the police. For instance, a well-known comedian, permanently located now at a Broadway theater, will have to take up his stand at the corner of 23d street and 6th avenue and panhandle passing male pedestrians for two hours in broad daylight. There will be a lot of fellows passing along that corner who will not know the comedian in his street clothes and who wouldn't appreciate the fun of his little pan-handling game if they did recognize him, and he looks as if

he's going to have a gloomy two hours.
"A pulp-headed young chap employed in the New York water department will to peroxide his nice, wavy hair and make it a bright golden tint, or stand confessed as a welcher. He bet a Low man on these terms, and he was due to do the touching up of his locks just as soon as the news of Low's election was confirmed. The man he bet with had flaxen hair, and he was to have his hair dyed jet black in case of Low's defeat.

"Another Tammany office holder made a bet with a Low man, the terms of which will require him to sleep in a cushioned coffin in the back of an uptown undertaker's establishment for three nights a week for three months.

"Three young Harlem men, ardent supporters of Tammany, are probably on a speedy hustle for wives just now. They agreed with three fusionists to get married within a week after the election if the Tammany slate should be beaten, the Low men agreeing to do the same in case their ticket got keeled over. None of these chaps, it seems, is a ladies' man and none of them has a girl picked out as a life mate. So that there are bound to be three somewhat sur-prising Harlem marriages before next Tues-day if the three Tammanyites stick to their imbecile bargain.

"Another Tammany man will have to haul a little toy lamb on wheels by a piece of string from 14th to 42d street on Broadway next Monday afternoon, and the Low man with whom he made the bet is going to hire a brass band to accompany the unfortunate on his silly march. Innumerable Low men will be trundled about New York in wheelbarrows by losing Tammanyites and, by the way, I'd like to know what sense there is in a bet of this sort. It's as bad, if not worse, for the winner as for the loser, for the winner is obliged to make ance of this sort yet that the winner wasn't repeatedly dumped out of the wheelbarrow by the inexpert and often intentionally malicious trundler thereof.

"A middle-aged man in the New York tax department will have to go down to

Coney Island three times a month Juring the winter and take a plunge in the cold sea water each time.
"A well-known bookmaker who took the

Tammany end will be compelled to wear a huge Gainsborough hat, trimmed with big ostrich feathers, up and down 5th avenue on Sunday afternoon, and he stands a first-rate chance of being run in by the police for masquerading on the Sabbath.

"Another man connected with the horse

racing game-he is a trainer-will have to attend a variety show on 8th avenue, taking a box and fondle a big doll throughout the performance, in full view of the audience. The doll's head is to be a plaster audience. The doll's head is to be a praster cast of the head of Mr. Low, the triumphant fusionist mayor-to-be.
"A prominent wholesale fish dealer of

New York, and a man old enough to know better-he is nearly sixty-will have to put on a pair of roller skates and make the best of his way along the middle of the road from one end of Riverside drive to the other. He never had a pair of skates of any sort on in his life, and the fun that the Low people, not to speak of the small boys, are going to have with him will make him sorry before he gets through with his little task.

"Any number of losers-out on the Tammany ticket will have to eat elaborate din-ners backward, from nuts to soup. Now, enormous pull over a country water this doesn't sound particularly easy, but, iness is merely business—an unpalatable as a matter of fact, it's a good deal harder even than it sounds. It takes a man with pretty strong stomach and a lot of nerve to eat a full-course dinner back-end fore-most, and I've seen numerous chaps become pretty pale around the gills while es-

'A well-known restaurateur who owns a famous roadhouse will have to assume the make-up of a second-hand dealer in castoff clothing, and stand at the junction of Broadway and 6th avenue at 34th street and solemnly ask male passers-by if they have any old clothing that they'd like to dispose of. He will be thus occupied, if he fulfills the terms of his bet, from 12 noon until 6 in the evening of a week-day, and it's 20 to 1 that he'll be ready to swear off on freak election bets by the time he gets over the guying that is bound to be his portion at the hands of the Low men who know him and who will be on hand to make him as miserable as possible.

"A Tammany inspector of paving will have to hold down a job as a laborer on

the underground for four days, and he, too, ought to be prepared to be good when he finishes that little stunt. Several young persons, with seaweed instead of gray matter in the skulls, will have to walk up and down Broadway for various periods of time arrayed in lines dusters and strew and down Broadway for various periods of time arrayed in linen dusters and straw hats. A Tammanyite, who keeps a sporting goods emporium in lower Broadway, will have to seil penny yellow journals at the New York end of the Brooklyn bridge for three hours running, and when the scrappy old women newspaper criers at that point get through upbraiding him for infringing upon their territory, he will be about ready to forswear being funny in wagering on elections.

wagering on elections "Slews of Tammanyites will have to walk the main thoroughfares of New York as sandwich men. Their 'sandwiches' will be placarded with such announcements as 'I am the cheapest man on earth. 'I have went way back and sat down,' 'Hooray for William Travers Jerome!' 'I won't do,' Where am I at?' and so on.

'A well-known Tammany cafe proprietor, whose place is across from Tammany Hall on 14th street, will have to wear a No. 6 hat for a week in all sorts of wind and weather. This man is noted for the size of his head, and his ordinary headgear is No. 8 size

"A Tammany leader of a Broadway theater orchestra will have to take his violin and serenade about two dozen Low men in front of their homes.
"The proprietor of a 6th avenue shoe establishment will have to wear a pair of the heaviest one dollar brogans that can be procured in New York, and he will have to wear them for a month.

"These are only a few of the monkeyish election bets that I heard about while circulating around New York during the past couple of months, and there are probably scores of others equally senseless."

The Plague of 1656.

Rome Correspondence Pall Mail Gazette. It is curious to note that there is hardly an order issued today by the government relative to the plague that has just broken out in Naples that was not contained in the edicts of Alexander VII in 1656, when Rome was last visited by the pest, to say, nothing of the penalties which he inflicted. Then, the moment news came that Naples Then, the moment news came that Naples was infected, the energetic pontiff suspended all communication with the kingdom of the two Sicilies, on pain of death. Only letters were allowed to pass after such rigid disinfection that little of them was left. All persons belonging to the papal states who found themselves in suspected districts were forbidden, also on pain of death to return, while death was likewise the punishment for those who, coming into a city, did not present themselves at a certain office. Also hotel or innkeepers, heads of convents, etc., who received any one not of convents, etc., who received any one not having the papal guarantee, and who did not declare the names of their guests, ran the risk of five years' imprisonment. All the risk of five years' imprisonment. All this before there was one case in the papul states. Reading the precautions then taken is like picking up a modern newspaper. Lazarettes strictly guarded, isolation and disinfection, navigation of the Tiber forbidden, and the churches closed, but all to no apparent purpose. At one time during that terrible year there was not one house in Trastevere (a thickly populated district of Rome) in which the plague did not enter, so that it was cut off from the rest of the city by a high, thick wall. After twelve months the tide turned and the eternal city was free, after losing 14,500 of her inhabitants, while at Naples the deaths were 400,000 and at Genoa 60,000.

From the Chicago Record-Herald. "How did he set rich?"
"Betting against what were supposed to De sure things.

reism Li Hung Chang may have een-and there were a million stories about him, one of which, you'll recall, was that he wasn't; a Chinaman at all, but a Swede who had landed in China as a young cabin boy from a merchant ship—he was decidedly the most monumental walking intergogation point that I ever came across and like a specific property inquisiacross, and I'vermet some mighty inquisitive men," said a New York newspaper man who is now stationed in Washington. "With four other newspaper men I inter-viewed Lie in his apartments when he re-

rived in New York five years ago. He received us with his entourage about him, and he permitted his interpreter to do the and he permitted his interpreter to do the talking, although Li spoke good English. The information that we went after and that we didn't get out of the celestial statesman would have filled a large book, but the points relative to the public and private history of five unpretentious newspaper reporters that Li picked up in the progress of that queer seance were sure a plenty. I observed that one of Li's suite was writing rapidly on tablets during the progress of the talk, and when I inquired afterward of the interpreter what the man fterward of the interpreter what the man was writing the interpreter blandly informed me that he had taken notes of the entire interview in Chinese shorthand, so that the records of the five of us are prob-ably now on file in the archives of the

owery kingdom. "We were under instructions from our editors to get, if possible, a talk out of Li relative to the Chinese foreign policy, with particular reference to Russia; but we might just as well have asked such questions of the Sphinx. I was elected spokes-man by the other reporters, and I had my little list of questions neatly tabulated in my mind when we were presented to in my mind when we were presented to China's great individual. I started to put one of the queries, when Li interrupted me with a wave of his hand, and then he nodded amiably to all of us in turn. Then he turned to his interpreter and said something to him in Chinese.
"'He wishes to know,' said the inter-

oreter, addressing us, how old each of you "I asked the other four in turn how old they were, and when they told me I told the interpreter, giving also my own age and the interpreter conveyed the information to Li-while that scribe fellow with the tablets and the Chinese system of shorthand went ahead writing at a great

"From then on the interpreter simply served as a medium through which Li Hung Chang asked questions. "How are you paid, daily or weekly?"

the Chinese boss wanted to know.

"How much do you get a week?" the interpreter then asked, and, as I couldn't speak for the other four fellows, and as I did not consider the question material,

anyhow, I replied:
"'One thousand dollars a week each." "You should have seen the interpreter's and Li's eyes open when I sprung that ferocious falsehood. I don't imagine that they believed me-it couldn't have been possible that they did-but both Li and the interpreter appeared to look upon us with considerably more respect from that moment on. Maybe it was because they knew that I was lying—the Chinese diplomats, I understand, think a great deal of a firstrate, tip-top, rlp-roaring liar.
"'What do you do with the money?" was

the question the interpreter hurled at me then, at Li's dictation.
"All of us grinned then, of course, as was up to us toldo. But I didn't want to

be too gay and thus spoil at least the chance of at length getting an interview from the famous Chinaman, and so I made the best reply I could to the question. Told the interpreter that such little items as food and drink and raiment and an occasional smoke and ride on the cars managed to consume most of our money that we weren't laying aside for the purchase of steam yachts, race horses and 5th avenue 'Are you married?' Li wanted to know

"It happened that we all were, and I reulied to that effect. "Are you good to your wives?" was the next one. 92 "The best ever,' replied I, not flippantly, but more for the purpose of dodging

the question. " 'Have your children?' came along then. "I had to ask two of the others they had any worng ones or not, and then Limade the fitting reply. "He says that you have not enough chil-dren, said the interpreter when I had re-

"Well, we all had to hang our heads and look sorry, of course, but in view of the fact that I had told the interpreter that one of the crowd had eight children, the crit-

cism appeared a bit unreasonable. "Are your wives pretty and domestic?" tle talk with Li Hung Chang. "I don't remember just how I evaded

that one.
"'Do all of your families live together?'
Li wanted to know then through the interpreter. I replied 'No,' and then he wanted to know why not. When I said that our wives had never even met, and that the five of us only happened to be together accidentally, Li wanted to know if we didn't like each other, and if our wives wouldn't like each other if they met; if there was anything unsatisfactory in the conduct of any of us or our wives that caused us to desire to hold aloof from each other. I had to hum and haw out of all this the best way I could, and all the time two of the newspaper men behind me were kicking me on the leg from the rear to urge me to hop in and get that talk out of Li about the Chinese foreign policy. I was sparring around for an opening, when the interpreter came at me again, afte a whispered conference with his master.

"'He wants to know, said the inter-preter, 'if your friend to the left of you does not drink to excess—he says that he ooks as if he did.'
"Now, the good, kindly fellow on my left, one of the best newspaper men that ever worked in New York, had a very florid countenance, but he scarcely ever touched drop of drink. He went pretty red over this jolt, but he spoke up to me in an un

dertone.
"Tell him that I just eat whisky, said
he to me, but I didn't say anything of the
sort. I replied that the man on my left was a total abstainer.

"And that's the way that interview went for fully half an hour. There never was a minute when I had a chance to slip in query pertinent to our mission in a query pertinent to our mission in seeing Li Hung Chang. Every time that I started a question along the ways the interpreter would gaze blandly at me and ask me another question, and I had to reply to it some old way or be looked upon as a boor. After I'd been under the gun in this manner for half an hour Li made a nice little smiling bow to each of us to translittle smiling bow to each of us in turn again, executed a sweeping gesture with his right hand and we were immediately surrounded by the bunch of richly arrayed, stolld-looking Chink attendants and gently ushered into the hall. That's how we didn't interview Li Hung Chang. It was a put-up ob on his part, of course, and he worked t all along the line while in this country.'

Making New Antiques. From the Philadelphia Record.

The prevailing craze for antique furniture, old clocks, ancient china and such things has empired nearly all the farmhouse garrets within a radius of fifty miles of Philadelphia if The country people who used to segard their old possessions as truck and trash are fully educated up to the market valles now," sold a dealer in antiques yesterday. "They have lost their guileless innocesice regarding heirlooms, and now have an eye to business. Ten years ago I used to travel around the country districts, and at auction sales I would try districts, and at auction sales I would often pick up steat old things for almost nothing. Lused to make ridiculously low offers for old things whenever I came across them at farm houses, and my offers were generally accepted. But competition in my line of business has become keen, and as a result genuine antiques are now so scarce and cost so much that many dealers have gone into the manufacturing business. To make a copy book like an original is quite a work of art, but it is done in such a way as completely to defy defection. One of the most common tricks is to make worm holes in wood by discharging a gun into it at close range, the gun having been loaded with bird shot.

Waldo Emerson Backbay-"I was over to Georgie Shortsight's for lunch, mamma and when his mamma asked him if he'd have beans he said, 'Yes, mamma, the Mexican kind, with lots of red pepper on

made him exceedingly decadent." success at whatever you decide to go at."

A group of traveling men were dis the assassination of President McKinley

the other day, when a friend of mine met with an experience which showed how preclous five minutes can be under some circumstances. It was on the day the dead President was buried, when, as you remember the street cars and the telegraph ceased to operate for five minutes as a mark of

respect for the martyred chief.
"My friend, whose home is in Washington, was engaged to be married to a young lady in Cincinnati. (I've never seen the lady, but it goes without saying that she is the sweetest girl in the world and all that sort of thing—they all are!) Her father is a very particular old gentleman and had not looked with favor on my friend's suit. The couple had been engaged in secret for three years and it was only a month ago that the parental consent was secured.
"The young lady and her father were visiting friends near Annapolis and it was while there that he was prevailed upon to

"Of course, they wanted to have the cere-mony performed at once before father could change his mind and it was arranged to take place on the 19th of September-the day McKinley was buried. "My friend travels through the south for

a New York house, whose busiest month is September, and he could only get two days' leave. He fixed his dates so that he would be in Baltimore, where the wedding was to take place on the 19th and all ar-rangements for the affair were perfected Well, the day of the wedding the groom-

to-be came up from Richmond, where he was working, and stopped over in Washington to attend to some important busi-ness matters. The bride-to-be and fatherin-law-to-be were to leave Annapolis for Baltimore on the 2:35 train, meet him at a hotel near the station, where the ceremony would be performed by a minister who would be in waiting; the three would then take the 4:50 train for Cincinnati.

"The business took more time than he had anticipated and it was fifteen minutes after two before he could break away and start for the train. He would have to catch the 2:35 train in order to be in Baltimore on time to meet his bride-elect and her father, and he did some tall hustling, I

"As I said before, the old gentleman is very particular; he is also very punctilious

one of those gentlemen of the old school whose eleventh commandment is 'be tual.' He and his daughter would leave Annapolis at the same time my friend left Washington and all three would arrive in Baltimore simultaneously. My friend knew that if he wasn't in Baltimore to meet them when they arrived pater would be furious and, of course, break off the match. If he missed that 2:35 train he wouldn't have any more chance of getting the girl than Czolgosz had of being pardoned.

"At twenty-five minutes past 2 he was on a trolley car going down Pennsylvania avenue, and, allowing for stops, would reach the B. and O. station at 2:30 and have five minutes to spare before the train pulled out. Confident of being on time, he lit a cigar and was soon lost in contempla-tion of the great happiness in store for him. "Suddenly the car stopped and remained still longer than it was necessary to take on a passenger. He looked up and saw a string of cars in front of him.

"'What's the matter?" he asked the conductor excitedly with his heart in his 'The cars are stopped for five minutes

out of respect for the dead President,' replied the conductor. "He looked at his watch; it was half-past

2! The train would leave in five minutes and he couldn't possibly catch it now. What was he to do? Across the street was a telegraph office. Quick as a flash he con-ceived the idea of telegraphing to his fance's father before he left Annarolis informing him of his predicament. Of course, he realized that only by great good fortune it was his only resource and he was desperate. In a moment he was inside office, had scribbled a few lines on one of the blanks and handed it over the counter to the operator.

life and death!' "The operator handed it back to him, saying: 'Sorry, sir; but the telegraph is shut off

for five minutes out of respect—'
"But this is a matter—'
"Very sorry; but the current is off all over the country.

"'Jumping Jupiter!"

"Beads of perspiration stood out on his brow. Visions of a gloomy future with no loving wife to cheer it rose up before him. There was no question of it—the girl was lost to him now beyond a doubt, and the boy felt pretty blue. He started to walk out of the office when a thought flowhed thought. the office when a thought flashed through his brain that gave him a new lease on life. There was a possibility, he thought, that the Annapolis train might be delayed by reason of the heavy traffic on the railroads that day, and he might still be able to com-municate with the girl's father before it was too late. It was a mighty slim chance, but it was his only one, and he clung to it like a drowning man clings to a straw. Two minutes more and the telegraph would re-

sume operations. In the suspense he was enduring those minutes seemed like so many "At last the clock in the office pointed to twenty-five minutes to three. The cars out in the street were clanging their gongs and slowly moving off-click-click-click-the slowly moving off-click-click-click-the telegraph was again at work and the noise of the sounders was the sweetest music he

'Hurry off my message!' he blurted out to the operator, who already had his finger on the key, preparing to send the dispatch "Suddenly the sounder set up a series of furious clicks. "'Wait!' said the operator, quickly. 'An-

napolis is calling now!"
"He gave the answer to the call and threw in his switch; after a slight pause the sounder started off again at a lively rate.
"The operator listened for a moment, then glanced hurriedly at the copy my friend had given him and exclaimed with surprise: "'Why, it's for you, sir!"
"'For me? Great—what is it-quick!" he

gasped, dumfounded.
"'Father — suddenly — ill—cannot—leave—particulars—later.'

"Those are the words the operator called out as fast as the instrument clicked them

"My friend stood stock still for a moment. hardly able to believe his own ears. Then he let out a whoop that would have done credit to a Comanche Indian, and, tossing a

credit to a Comanche Indian, and, tossing a bill to the operator, danced out of the office.

"Talk about walking on air—why, he had Santos-Dumont, beat to death!

"After he had collected himself and came down to earth again he wired his sweetheart, asking for full particulars concerning her father's illness. The answer informed him that the old gentleman had been attacked with varying while waiting at the tacked with vertigo while waiting at the station, causing them to miss the train, but it had soon passed off and he was as well as ever.

"Well, the wedding took place the next day, and you can safely wager my friend did not take any more chances with street cars or telegrams. That little experience he had on the 19th was one he won't for-

Putting It Delicately. From Tit-Bits. "There are plenty of men in this world."

said the head of the firm, addressing the clerk he had summoned into the private office, "who can trace their success rectly to what they at first considered fallures. I knew a man who twenty years ago was a clerk in a clothing store. His employer discharged him for incompetency. He hunted through all the clothing stores in town trying to get another job, but couldn't find one, and at last, almost starving, he got a place as a fireman on one of the railroads. Today he is practically the head of that road, draws a salary of £5,000 a year, and regards the man who discharged him long ago as the best friend he ever had. Now, he is only one of hundreds of men who have had similar experiences, so you see what at first seems a misfortune may often be a real blessing in disguise."

The young man hid a yawn behind his hand, and languidly replied:

"Yes; I know that has frequently happened. Did you want to speak to me about ures. I knew a man who twenty years ago

ELECTION AFTERMATHS TOLD OF EARL LIVALUE OF FIVE MINUTES HAS NO STANDING FAIR WOMAN UPHELD

A Washington man had occasion the other day to ship a typewriting machine from New York down here. He sent the typewriter on the wagon down to the station with the rest' of his baggage. When he tried to check the machine along with the rest of his baggage the baggageman

shook his head. "Don't check 'em," he said.

"How am I going to get the thing down to Washington then?" inquired the Wash-

"Better express it," said the baggage-

This wasn't practicable, however, for the Washingtonian was hustling for a train, and he had no time to attend to the expressing of the typewriter. The mac had no status whatever with the baggage people, and he had to see that it was car-ried on board the ferryboat bound for Jersey City, and he had to do some tipping to have it thus carried. When the ferry-boat arrived in Jersey City he had to see that the typewriter, for which nobody had any official concentration. any official responsibility, was hauled out of the mass of baggage and carried on to the mass of baggage and carried on to the waiting train. Even on the baggage car the typewriting machine was a waif without any standing whatever in the rail-road world, and the Washingtonian made a little private arrangement with the baggage master—an arrangement of a financial character—to have the machine cared for during the trip down here. The amount of worry and bother the machine had caused the Washington man got considerably on his nerves, so that, after the train was under way, he penetrated to the baggage car to have a little talk with the baggage mas-

ter.
"Look here," said the Washingtonian.
"I'm not kicking at all, and I'm giad to get that machine of mine down to Washington at any price. But I'm hunting for a little information. Why don't this blamed old railroad check typewriters, anyhow, and save its patrons possessing those useful machines a world of trouble? Isn't a typewriter baggage?

writer has no more standing with a railroad

"Nope," replied the baggage master ami-ably, "a typewriter is not baggage. It used to be, but it isn't any more. A type-used to be, but it isn't any more. A type-

nowadays than a yellow dog, unless it's sent along to its destination by express. And I'll tell you why. A few years ago you could check a typewriter all right, and it would be handled with care and pushed along just like any other kind of baggagealong just like any other kind of bagsage handled with a heap more care, in fact, than other baggage. But, careful as the baggagemen were with the machines, they were bound to break 'em once in a while. A trunk would fall on one, or the hooks attaching the case to the board underneath would loosen and the machine would fall with a crash when lifted, or something else of the sort would happen to bust the machine. Then, when the owner of the type-writer got hold of his smashed machine, he would furiously repair to the railroad of-fice and put in his little claim for \$100, and he always got it paid right away, too. It didn't matter if he had been using the machine for years, the owner of a wrecked machine would invariably put in a bill for the full price of a new typewriter, and, the railroad having no means of proving that the machine wasn't new, had to pay. A lot of crooked people at length got on to this

fact, and they began to ship old, worn-out, no-account typewriters round the country with their baggage. They got hold of old contraptions in the typewriting line that were perfectly useless and waiting to be dumped on the scrap heap, and they'd fasten the cases on to them in such a way that the things 'ud be bound to drop out with a little handling in the baggage car. Then, when they found their old machines smash ed, they'd do the rush act on the railroad office and collect their little \$100. The railroads 'fell' to this scheme eventually and stopped the checking of typewriters. There were fellows that actually made a business of buying up old typewriters and checking them for the purpose of having them smashed so's they could haul down \$100 per wreck. The result is that a typewriter has now no status whatever on a railroad baggage car, and must be carried to its desti-

Toleration in Russia. Berlin Correspondence London Chronicle.

nation on the sufferance of the baggage

Interesting news comes from Russia pointing to the beginning of an agitation in favor of religious liberty in that coun-'Get this off at once-it's a matter of try. At a recent missionary congress in Orel of members of the orthodox church the marshal of the nobility of the province moved that the government be petitioned to mitigate the severely penal enactments against persons giving offense to the national church. Members of the congress d to assent to the marshal's motion, but the cause of freedom which he advo-cated has been taken up by a section of the press both at St. Petersburg and Mos-

The Novoye Vremya especially, notwith-standing its Pan-Slavic attitude, frankly confesses that some change is necessary but recommends that the change is necessary, but recommends that the change be made gradually. It further states that the condi-tion of the Russian clergy, their education and their moral standard leaves much to be and their moral standard leaves much to be desired, and suggests that raising these standards might be an effective way of dealing a blow against the further spread of heresy. The Novoye Vremya recommends that milder treatment be meted out to members of those sects whose tenets do not differ widely form there of the standard of the section of the se not differ widely from those of the ortho-dox church, for example the "Old Reliev-ers." The fact that the marshal's liberal speech should be mentioned at all in the press, not to speak of the exhaustive dis-cussions which it has provoked, indicates that a new spirit of toleration is abroad in Russia, and that the drastic regime of Pobyedonostseff begins to totter.

A Wage Comparison.

From the Toronto Globe. The Montreal Herald prints side by side two advertisements for help. One is for "an honest Protestant servant for five in family; no washing or ironing; wages, \$14." The other is for a teacher for the Protest-ant school, with first-class elementary di-ploma; salary, \$15 per month for eight months. It will thus be seen that by getting a first-class diploma you can earn \$1 a month more than an honest Protestant servant; but the latter has her board thrown in, so that, on the whole, it is better not to waste time on earning

There was a foxy sparkle in her eye when her husband got home from the office the other afternoon

"John," said she, as she helped him off with his overcoat, "what date is today?" "Let's see," said he, in the tone of a

man thinking of something else. "Why, it's November 7th." "Um-yes," said she, gazing smilingly into

his face. "Well?" "Well?" "Can't you think of anything remarkable that happened one November the 7th,

such a long, long time ago?" He emerged from his thinking-of-some thing-else trance then and for the first time her idea percolated through his mind.
"November the 7th, such a long, long time
"November and he reflectively. "Why, sure enough, it's my birthday-I clean for-got all about it. And you call that such sounds as if I showed up on earth some time back in the icthyosaurian period. And, by the way, how did my appearance on

this globe happen to be something remark able? "That's just like a man-forgetting all atout his birthday," she commented, ignor-ing his questions. "Now, what do you suppose I have got you for a birthday pre

"Pair of suspenders." "Slippers." "Ton of coal." "Had your plane tuned."

"Nopey."
"Pipe."
"No." You got me-

"Pair of wrist warmers."

Now, it is right at the present juncture of this narrative that the screech-teasers of the howlingly comic press would proceed to get in their effective licks. The young husband would be pictured as becoming suddenly pale as he placed a hot, feverish hand to his forehead. Then the mirthevokers of the funny sheets would cause him to gaze upon the wife of his bosom with an expression of acute misery as he toppled onto a lounge, and to inquire, in

a sepulchral, hopeless tone indicating the grief of his spirit: "You got me a box of cigars?" Then the stricken husband would be por trayed as endeavoring to smile wanly, so as not to make her feel badly, and she would be depicted as running upstairs and fetching down to him a nice, large box of 100 cigars, neatly tied up in their box in baby blue ribbon, and he would be shown picking one of them out of the box and looking it over with forced interest and appreciation, and-

However, nothing whatever of this sort "You got me a box of cigars, then?" said he, in a pleased if somewhat matter-of-fact "Good thing. Let's have a look at

them. She produced them and showed them to him, and-

No, he did not handle the one that picked out of the box to look at as if it were a piece of rope. Neither were the cigars cutely tied up in baby blue ribbon. They were a standard brand of Reina Vic-torias, and she hadn't purchased the 100 at an auction for 98 cents. She had got her eldest brother to pick them out for her, and she had paid \$12 for the 100. This was about twice as much as her husband ever paid for his cigars when he bought them by the box, but she considered that as his birthday ony came once a year he was entitled to the treat.

Consequently, all of the screamingly funny features are removed from this veraclous story. The husband cannot be pictured as wearing a martyr-like expression as he smokes brittle, flaky smokes that have the aroma of onions, nor can he be truthfully described in the act of putting up all sorts of dodges to get out of the ne-cessity of smoking the cigars at all, such as removing handfuls of them from the box every morning and giving them to the messengers at his office, and so on. The cigars were about the finest articles in the tobacco line that he had ever had any truck with, and, as a simple matter of fact, most of the cigars that are purchased by wives as gifts for their husbands are about 100 per cent better than they ever

The same applies to the neckties which wives buy for their husbands, the laugh diggers of the humorous weeklies to the contrary notwithstanding.

The professional funnyists are going to get rid of the old, frayed-out subjects and restock one of these days, but until that time arrives it is desirable to straighten out some of their ancient, shop-worn goods.

Imported Dancers.

From the New York Evening Post.

Twenty-five new dancers have been brought over this year, most of them from Italy. It is in that country that the great majority of dancers are trained, particularly of those who come over to us. There are a few French women in the corps, and six or seven who are American or English, but women of these last two nationalities rerely stay long in the opera ballet. "American and English women can dance as well as those of any other nationality," said Signor Albertier, "but they have not the patience to study. As soon as they have

earned how to do a few steps, immediately

and so they drift away to the music halls.

There is no real dancing that deserves the

they wish to get out in front and do a sole

name in the music halls. It is simply jigging in time, and to absurd music.

Preferred the Ignorance. From the Chicago Tribune. "Opera books! Books of the opera!" sang out the boy at the theater entrance. "You can't tell what they're singin' 'thout the

"I'd rather not know what they are sing-ing, my son," replied the benevolent-looking old gentleman who was just going in.

Two of a Kind. From the Philadelphia Press. "Yes, I've got a little money put away," said the talkative speculator. "I've man-

aged to get in on the ground floor once or "Me, too," whispered the burglar, who sat next to him in the train. "Shake."

THE HAT UNTRIMMED AND RETRIMMED.







